

Grand Seignior's SPEECH

TO THE

Ottoman Forces at *Belgrade*, who are now at
Wars with the *CHRISTIANS*, 1683.

MY *Janyzary*-Slaves, your Pow'r alone
I need not question to secure my Throne.
Nor can I doubt a Force so often try'd,
Which *Christian* Fields, with *Christian* Blood has dy'd :
Go on then boldly to dispose the Fates,
Of crazy *Europe*'s ill supported States,
Untill the trembling *Princes* of the *West*
Bow to that Hand, which has subdu'd the *East* :
Let the deluded World be taught by you,
What to our *Prophet* and our *Arms* is due.
To Fight, as may our *Enemies* perswade,
A Pow'r, not humane does their States Invade.
Instruct the *Christians* in each Loss to read
How we of old, against Them did succeed.
In ev'ry Breach and Batt'ry, still relate,
The Story of our Honour, and their Fate.
In springing *Moynes*, or taking *Bastions*, tell,
Thus *Candy*, thus defenceless *Rhodes* once fell.
Accounting these, the better to inflame
Your Courage, no less than provoke their shame.
By our great *Prophet*, and his *Law*, I vow
(No stronger Ties our *Turkish* Faith does know)
That petty Trifle call'd the *Cæsar* of the *West*,
Emp'rour in Name, in Truth, but Fortunes Jest.
Mock't with th' Imperial Scepter, and a Crown,
Hector'd by Laws, by ev'ry Prince run down :
No longer shall be miserably Great,
A Purple Captive, and a Slave of State.
Not to the *Empires* *Younger* Brothers sue,
While tedious *Diets* slow Debates pursue.
These Mischiefs now no longer shall depend,
His Vassalage in pitty ought to end.

His

*His Empire henceforth shall become my Care,
Th' Electors Lots my Ball's, be your Share.*

Already for our Conquests to make way,
Our Foes divided, on each other Prey;
Revolted *Turkey* with his Friends does work,
And *Christians* joy'n gainst *Christians* for the *Turks*.
Their *Diers Factions* promise fair, that we
The like, may in *Confederate Armies* see.
What hope appears, that they who can't Unite
In peaceful *Councils*, should agree in Fight?
With how great Ease may then our Swords divide,
That Knot, themselves already have untied?
My only Grief it is alas! to see
Our Foes will cost too cheap a Victory!
Mistake not then, that you for Fight prepare,
You go to Triumph, ev'n without a War.
Hast then, away, to all your Charges fly,
With Honour Conquer, or with Honour Die.

The Grand Vissers Answer.

Mighty *Sultan*,

Whose Will to Understand,
Is to Obey; whose Words all claim Command;
Whose Pow'ful Nod, or Sign, without the Noise
Of Words, to us sufficient are for Laws,
Which, in like Silence, each Slave executes,
As if he were the humblest of your *Mutes*.
Such is your Pow'r, you fail not to inspire
Your *Vassals* to perform, what you Require.
Your Army now no other strife does know,
But who shoud' greatest Sense of Duty show.
Your Just Resolves approving with one Voice,
They speak their glad Obedience in Applause;
Which as an hopeful Omen does portage,
They all as one Man, will your Foes engage.
While they represent to their minds in haste
The glorious Figures of Successes past.
Then paint those Scenes to *Christian* Eyes as plain,
As they had former Battels fought again.
Till fired with this Contemplative Review,
Our Old Conquests, exceed'd by New.

FINIS.